

The Home Department.

What I Live For.

I live for those who love me,
Whose hearts are kind and true;
For the heaven that smiles above me,
And awaits my spirit, too;
For all human ties that bind me,
For the task my God assigned me,
For the bright hopes left behind me,
And the good that I can do.

I live to learn their story,
Who suffered for my sake;
To emulate their glory,
And follow in their wake;
Bards, patriots, martyrs, sages,
The noble of all ages,
Those deeds crown history's pages,
And Time's great volume make.

I live to hold communion
With all that is divine;
To feel there is a union
'Twixt nature's heart and mine;
To profit by affliction,
Reap truth from fields of fiction,
Grow wiser from conviction,
And fulfill each grand design.

I live to hail that season,
By gifted minds foretold,
When man shall live by reason,
And not alone by gold;
When man to man united,
And every wrong thing righted,
The whole world shall be lighted
As Eden was of old.

I live for those who love me,
For those who know me true;
For the heaven that smiles above me,
And awaits my spirit, too;
For the cause that lacks assistance,
For the wrongs that need resistance,
For the future in the distance,
And the good that I can do.

—Dublin University Magazine.

Good Management.

The best managers in household affairs are those who can secure for themselves an hour of that healthful repose so necessary to every human heart. The habit of rush and haste takes possession of some mothers and wives, and their life is a burden to them. To be companionable to husband and children you must have time to talk and read with them. Every woman loves to be thought a good manager—it is a laudable ambition. But my dear sister woman, you are not one unless you utilize your strength, and save yourself all you can. There are many self-sacrificing mothers and wives who need somebody to save them from themselves. Say to them, "Make your choice now between leaving your little children orphans, or of being a nervous wreck for life." I have seen several such breakdowns of late, and it has made me think along this line; and if I can help one mother, it will repay me for the effort.

I will give a few helpful, healthful recipes for doing housework, cleaning, etc. The kitchen sink becomes a hot-bed of disease unless it is carefully

watched and flushed out every day with a strong solution of borax-water. Every housewife should keep a box of borax in her kitchen, to rid herself of ants, roaches and all such pests, for in city homes they infest pantry, closets, kitchen shelves, etc. The benefit I claim for it is, that it is safe, effective and cheap—no danger of accidental poisoning, like from carbolic acid, copperas and other such lotions. For your bathtub there is nothing equal to borax for cleaning and purifying it. Having used it satisfactorily for many years and knowing its healthful qualities I can recommend it.

—Farmers' Advocate.

The Deserted House.

I know a house where silent shadows steal
With furtive steps along the moldering walls,
Where the faint ray of light through darkened blinds
Slips like some haunted ghost down empty halls.

Where all day long no voice is ever heard
To stir the spider at his endless care,
Where through the night no footsteps ever come
Over its creaking floor or winding stair.

This is that house where Memory and I
Wander in search of one departed long,
The House of Dreams, where once in days gone by
Love filled the rooms with sunlight and with song.

This is that house from which I drove
Love out
With angry heart and overreaching pride;

O, Love, come back with thy sweet peace and truth,
Come back, and in this house once more abide!

—Mary Frederick Faxon, in Boston Transcript.

The Boy's Room.

"I have just fitted up a room for Belle. Come, and see it."
The proud mother led her visitor into a delightful little chamber that showed a pattern of moss rose buds on the wall, cosy, bright-looking rugs, curly birch furniture and windows draped with pink-checked muslin. It was duly admired, and then the visitor, who was very fond of the mischief-loving, but manly and good-hearted boy of the family, asked, "And where is Robbie's room? You've made it pretty, too, I suppose."

"Why, no," answered the mother, coloring a little. "Any kind of room will do for a boy, you know."

And then it came out that Robbie

had as his sleeping and sitting apartment a dingy, poorly lighted garret room, in which the superannuated furniture had been stored—the bureau that had begun to peel, the big chair that had lost one of its arms, the cumbersome bed that had long ago gone out of fashion.

The belief that any kind of room will do for a boy is an injustice to him that is often done, not through lack of affection, but because there is a general idea that boys do not notice or care about their surroundings. As a matter of fact, most boys would appreciate a neat, comfortable room of their own, with stained floor, brightened with rugs, a white enamel bedstead, a desk or table, shelves for books, and a chest of drawers into which to store his various belongings. There need be none of the bric-a-brac, the ribbon bows and rosebud wall hangings that give a dainty prettiness to his sister's room, but a few pictures of animals or a spirited hunting scene or landscape would be enjoyed. A closet, a wardrobe in which to hang his clothes, an easy chair or two, and a box for his boots would complete the furnishing of a room that a boy would appreciate and in which he would pass much of the time, now spent elsewhere, often to the anxiety of his mother and his own detriment.

—Sunny South.

Riddles For Little Folk.

Seumas MacManus has been collecting a number of Irish riddles that will amuse the children. They will assist in providing an evening's entertainment, and a few of them are given here:

What is it flying in the air
With tallest houses under,
But if you climb and pull its tail
It will roar out like thunder?

Answer—The church bell.

Out came Lord Landless;
Took her up handleless,
Rode away horseless.

"Her" is a snowflake, and Lord Landless is the sun. The next one sounds very ghastly:

"Two black dogs under my bed,
waiting to swallow their fill of bones
and raw meat in the morning."

This is only your shoes.

What is it I've got and would like to deny,
But if I should lose it I'd do worse
than cry?

Answer—His bald head.

Here is a very mysterious one which some of you can appreciate:

When I wasn't looking for it I found it;
When I found it sat down to look for it;

And when I looked at it I couldn't get it,
And therefore I carried it home with me.

Answer—A thorn in the foot.

Here is a hard one:
The man that made it didn't want it,
The man that bought it didn't wear it;
The man that wore it never saw it.

Answer—A coffin.

Between two woods I traveled
Along a narrow track;
But I came between two waters.

When I traveled the same way back.
Answer—A boy who goes to the spring for water with a wooden bucket on each arm.

It travels with me all day on its head,
And all night long it sits by my bed.

Answer—A tack in the shoe.

Indoor Games, No. 4.

An improvement on "Blind Man's Buff" is the game of Boston, in which all the players are seated, except the "Blindman," who stands in the center of the room. Each one has a number, and Blindman calls out, "Numbers 2, 7, 15, 6, change seats." Then the aforesaid numbers creep stealthily about, avoiding Blindman, who tries to catch some one. If he succeeds, he must guess whom he has caught, and if he guesses aright, he takes a seat and the number of the one caught, who now becomes Blindman, and calls out numbers. Occasionally the cry is, "All change places," and a wild scramble ensues, when somebody is sure to be caught.

Books Received.

Mr. John A. Grier, whose address is 345 53rd st., Hyde Park, Chicago, has issued a pamphlet (which sells for 25c) containing the financial law enacted March 4, 1900, together with an appeal for its reinvestigation. The pamphlet contains much valuable information.

Tumble Weeds, a collection of original poems, by Will Reed Dunroy, author of Corn Tassels; published by the University Publishing Co., Lincoln, Neb. While some of the poems have special reference to western life, most of them are upon themes as broad as humanity, and they give evidence of an unusual degree of poetic talent in the author.

GAS AND TROUBLE Comes From White Bread

While it is true that we build up the body from food, it is also true that different kinds of food have different effects on the body and produce different results.

For instance, it is absolutely impossible to live on white bread alone, for it contains almost nothing but starch, and an excess of white bread produces gas and trouble in the intestines, while, at the same time, the other elements required by the body for building up brain and nerve centers, as well as muscular tissue, have been left out of the white bread, and we see from experience the one trying to live on white bread alone gradually fails in mental and nervous power as well as loss in muscle.

Such a diet could not be kept up long without fatal results. A lady in Jacksonville, Fla., was crippled by an accident two years ago. Being without the power of exercise, an old stomach trouble that was hers for years became worse, and it was a serious question regarding food that she could digest.

A physician put her on Grape-Nuts Breakfast Food with some remarkable results. She says now that, not only is she able to do a big day's work, because of the strength of her brain and nerves, but that she has finally thrown away her crutches because the muscles of her limbs have gradually grown stronger since she began the use of Grape-Nuts, and now she is practically well and can go about without trouble, notwithstanding the fact that it was said she would never be able to walk again. So much for eating the right kind of food instead of remaining an invalid and a cripple because of the lack of knowledge of the kind of food to use to bring one back to health. Name given on application to Postum Cereal Co., Ltd., Battle Creek, Mich.

E. W. Grove

This signature is on every box of the genuine
Laxative Bromo-Quinine Tablets
the remedy that cures a cold in one day.